

# AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

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WHOLE No. 70.

## The Doings of the Spirits, in this City.

We are writing on Saturday morning, Feb. 2d. Our readers have seen, in our last week's number, that P. B. RANDOLPH had been bro't to this city by the spirits, to be with us and be used by them, on the Sabbath, in connection with Mr. FORSTER. We shall report, as well as we may, the proceedings of that day, when it shall have come and passed. Now we will tell something of what has taken place in circles where those two worthy brothers, and extraordinary speaking mediums have attended with us.

On Thursday evening, we were invited to attend the circle which holds weekly meetings at the house of Mr. STONE, the Vice President of the Harmonial Association. Mr. RANDOLPH refused to sit in the circle, as he did not wish to be influenced. Miss SCOTT, who is the principal medium of that circle, was entranced, and spoke beautifully, as usual. When the spirit had finished speaking, she left the circle and went and stood near to where Mr. RANDOLPH was sitting, and commenced speaking to him in the French language, which he speaks imperfectly, from what he learned orally, when in France. In this way she soon induced his entrancement by a French spirit; and they had a meeting which was truly affecting. It appeared that the spirit which controlled Miss SCOTT, was that of a female, between whom and the male spirit who controlled Mr. RANDOLPH, there existed conjugal affinity. It appeared that their mutual attachment, when in the flesh, had been interrupted by parental authority, and that this was their first meeting, or the representation of their first meeting, after they had both passed into the spiritual existence.

At the close of this scene, another spirit took possession of Mr. Randolph, and moralized beautifully and wisely, on the subject of that conjugal affinity which, alone, can secure connubial happiness, in this life, and which will be an eternal cement, in the life to come.

Again he was controlled by a spirit which represented himself as that of a New York fireman, who lost his life by the falling in of a building, from an upper story of which he rescued a mother and her child. He said his name was MOSES WILLIAMS, and that he was familiarly called "MOSE." He saved the woman and child, taking them from where they were surrounded with flames, and handing them down the ladder, one at a time, to his comrades. He then, imprudently, returned to save her trunk and valuables, when the timbers of the floor gave way, and he fell among the burning mass, with an iron safe, bricks and mortar, timber and fire, above him. All this he described in the peculiar phraseology of his class, interlarded with by-words and cant expressions, such as are in general use among the uneducated wits of the engine-house. But, though his language was as we have described it, it was entirely free from profanity and obscenity. "Never," said Mose, "did I feel so good, in all my life, as I did when I saved that mother and her babe." Then he proceeded to tell how he found himself out of the fire, and standing among those who were laboring and looking on. What astonished him most was, that he saw himself burning in the flames, at the same time that he seemed to have another self out of the fire. "There were two me's," said Mose, "one in the fire and one out; and I was puzzled to know what the meaning of it was—you may bet your life on that."

He was finally removed by friendly spirits, and taken to a beautiful country, where they told him that he was, spirit, and no longer a tenant of his old body. This they had some difficulty to make him real-

ize. They finally took him through a great gate where he entered a beautiful apartment, in which was a very elevated spirit, who gave him a crown, emblematic of his philanthropic labors, and then told him that he must go back to earth and do all the good he could by controlling mediums.

When Mose had finished his history, the grave spirit again took possession of the medium, and made another moral application, which was highly instructive. He told us that, at the request of Mose, the controlling spirits allowed him to tell his story in the familiar phraseology of which we have spoken, as he could express himself much more intelligibly and emphatically than he otherwise could.

When this spirit had finished, Mr. FORSTER was controlled by the spirit of Prof. DAYTON, who reviewed the whole evening's exercises, and explained all their bearings; summing up with one of his beautifully and thrillingly eloquent exhortations:

One incident we had forgotten. When we arrived at the house of Mr. Stone, and almost as soon as we were seated, Mr. Randolph saw a female spirit standing near him, and gave notice that he would describe her. He then told how old she appeared to be—how tall she was—her complexion—the color of her hair and eyes—the shape of her face, and her features singly—told how she laughed, and described the dimples in her cheeks, together with every other particularity of her appearance. Mr. Stone and his wife united in, affirming that they could not possibly have described their deceased daughter, with anything like such precision.

The next evening—that of Friday—we were invited to a circle at the house of Mr. Guy H. Salisbury. There Mr. R. refused to sit in the circle, in hope of escaping the control of spirits, because he wished to rest his organs till Sunday. He did not escape, however, for the spirit of MAHOMET succeeded in throwing him into the trance state, and commenced speaking through him in Arabic. This, however, he continued but a little while, when he brought him to his feet, and commenced a lecture on the being and nature of God. Here we have to take upon ourself humility, and refrain from any attempt at description, for never since we have known anything of language, have we listened to anything which so far exceeded our ability to do justice to. Whilst it was perfectly intelligible, it soared so infinitely high into the sublime, that it racked human conception and imagination, and made us feel like a very molecule in the scale of intelligent existence.

At the close of this address, the spirit of Prof. DAYTON controlled Mr. FORSTER, who was present, and spoke, in his usual effective manner, explaining those parts of the discourse to which we had been listening, which were too great for our comprehension; thus leading our minds up through the regions which they had never attempted to explore, to the sublime heights to which the prophet had soared. When he had finished, and the medium returned to consciousness, the spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH took possession of him, and moralized beautifully and eloquently, on what we had received.

### "What good does Spiritualism do?"

We have another emphatic response to this stereotype question of unbelieving orthodoxy.

Mrs. MARGARET DICKERSON, a lady of this city, called at Mr. Conklin's room, on Friday of last week, for the purpose of hearing, if possible, from some of her deceased friends. Mrs. Dickerson was not a believer in Spiritualism; but she had seen the table moved, in her own



house, the previous night, and had received what purported to be a message from her deceased daughter, who left the form at the age of three or four years. The communicating spirit—if it was a spirit—directed her to go to Mr. Conklin's room, where she would receive a communication.

On sitting down to the table, the hand of the medium was moved, and wrote as follows—he not knowing who she was, or any thing in relation to her family:

"My dear mama, you don't know how happy you have made me, by coming here. I love you so much, mama, and have wanted to tell you so, by writing with a medium. Aunt Susan and uncle John are here with me, and tell me what to write. We are all happy, and all love you. I am your little angel,  
SARAH."

The lady burst into a flood of tears; and the spirit wrote the following:

"Don't cry, dear mama; we are not dead, only you can't see us. We live in heaven, with angels.  
SARAH."

The lady then asked the following question:

"Can you tell me who came up the street with me just now?"

The spirit answered:

"Yes; father."

The lady replied: "That is correct."

She went away with her mind convinced, and her heart full. No Grimes, nor any other mountebank scoffer, need attempt to stagger her faith.

### A Prophecy.

HYLAS, MEDIUM.

Mortal man, listen to the still, small voice of thy inner-self, for it is the voice of God! Listen to the deep-toned thunders of Freedom's Jubilee, as they roar and rumble o'er the hill-tops, and through the valleys of the earth! 'Tis the sound of the gathering battle, and the *evening courier* of the coming strife. 'Tis the sound of the marshalling of the armies of the Spirit-land, and the noise of the gathering of the waters—the living waters of Eternal Truth—which ere long shall burst their bounds, and, sweeping down the sides of the Mountains of Time, bear away on their resistless bosom every vestige of every monument, born of the ignorance of men, and erected by the deluded votaries of Blindness, Egotism, Despotism, Faith, and Crime. These, all these, shall be swept down by the mighty torrent of Supernal Truth—the rushing, swelling current of light, and be borne away to the deepest sea of oblivion, and in the dark Ocean of Lethe, be forever buried. See; the oceans look dark; the skies are obscured by darkling vapors, so-called, from the fens and swamps of human ignorance and human folly. The winds in the mountain gorges are stripping the leaves, all withered and seared, from the limbs of the Tree of Humanity! Hoarse howlings of the moral elements are heard by the affrighted children of the earth, and they are running hither and thither like the lambs of a flock, when the wolf's howl is heard in the hours preceding the dawn of night. All, and everything betokens that the waters are troubled, for a purpose, and for a use; because the monuments of human faith and belief are cemented and built of good materials, wrongly—badly put together; and they rose and were upreared amidst the tears and groans and bloody sweat of the children of the living God. "THEY MUST COME DOWN." God hath said it, and angels bear the message and decree. Harken unto the glad symphonies of the Deific Choral Host—the voices of the millions of the blest—the radiant dwellers of the starry land—the golden-gloried Spirit Home. Listen to the sounding echoes of the myriad cymbals, and the shrill notes of the unnumbered clarions of the skies! For lo! they reverberate through the disturbed atmosphere, and are borne in solemn tones upon the awful stillness of the midnight air! 'Tis the warning presage of the coming storm! And when that storm shall burst, woe unto all who do wickedly, for behold the lurid lightnings shall dart athwart the skies, rendering the darkness of man's moral and intellectual nature more visible; and the

secret things of the soul shall be laid bare! And when this shall be, then will the souls of wrong-doing men feel ashamed, and the electric fires of eternal truth shall penetrate the hardened heart, and burn out the seeds, roots, and very germs of evil; and the unutterable pangs then endured, shall be like those of the earthly birth, and in the awful misery of that transition hour men shall feel the pangs of hell, and in the bitterness of their anguish call aloud for the rocks and the mountains to fall on and hide them from the face of what, in the extremity of their terror, they will regard as an avenging Deity.

Poor, silly men! The fires are but the lightnings of Truth. The thunders are but the noise of the rolling of the wheels of the onward Car of Progress! Soon the elements will subside; the Sun of Glory will once more burst through the clouds, and illumine the fields of time and earth! And the wailings of the affrighted children of this lower sphere shall be changed into the flowing melody of the azure heavens.

"And behold I looked, and lo! the old heaven and the old earth had passed away, and I saw the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven; and there was no more sin, nor death, for the voice of its Lord God was heard, saying, 'Sing, my babes, and lo! the earth and heavens were filled with the silvery cadences of the myriad redeemed.'"

### A Spiritual Glimpse of the Future:

On Monday morning, while sitting in our office, P. B. RANDOLPH, of whom we have spoken in other places in this paper, was entranced, and the controlling spirit called for a reporter, to take down what he was about to say. The reporter took his seat, and the spirit gave forth, through the organs of the medium, the following beautiful portraiture of coming time on earth.

It will be seen that the spirit is reading from a paper, the date of which is A. D. 3356; and the article which he is reading, is copied from another paper, found in a bottle, floating on the ocean, the date of which was A. D. 2556. It is the poetry of prophecy.

### EXTRACT

*From a Newspaper, found in a Bottle, floating on the Sea.*

The article is evidently part of a letter from one friend to another. A portion of the silk on which it was printed, had been so defaced, by the ravages of time, that it was exceedingly difficult to decipher the contents; and therefore we are compelled to omit the commencement of the letter, and can only present a portion of its conclusion:

"We present our readers, this noon, with this rich relic of antiquity, being a part of the contents of a news journal, printed on silk in the olden time; its date is February 8th, A. D. 2556, exactly 800 years ago, this being August 5th, A. D. 3356. We make the following extracts for the purpose of showing our six millions of readers the wonderful contrast between the present condition of the human race, and the astonishing barbarism, (which, by the way, was at that time—2556—regarded as the very essence of civilization and social perfection,) of that dark age. Our readers will notice the tone of pride in which the writer speaks, when contrasting the age in which he lived, with the uncouth barbarism of the 18th and 19th century. But here is the article, it speaks for itself:

'Ah! my lovely Zolivia, would that I could spare the time to fly to thee on the wings of love, that I might drink in the soul-floods ever gushing from the snowy fountain of thy gentle spirit; but, alas! it can not be. Zolivia, my lovely one, the soul of thy Dalvin yearns to be free from the thralldom, to which it has so long been subjected, and he longs to sleep—or as the savages of the 19th century used in their ignorance to express it—die. In the dark ages, whose history I have lately been reading, my Zolivia, men lived to an astonishing age; because they were so utterly ignorant of the laws of life and development, that they plodded on through sixty, seventy, and in rare cases, even an hundred years, ere they completed their external spiritual growth, which is essential to a passage over the River to the first form of the second life. Their ignorance, my love-bird, was such that diseases, and



frightful disorders, without number, afflicted them, and a healthy human cranium was scarcely ever seen, and consequently a perfect human pleasure seldom, if ever, enjoyed or experienced; and as a further consequence of their darkened state, they were subject to mental disorders of the most terrible kind, among which, as I learn from the perusal of their history, were two of a peculiarly distressing nature; there were, first a strange fatuity, which caused them to imagine untold perfections residing in a kind of earth, or lustrous metal, which they called gold, the same, Zolivia, with which the worship—temples of our cities are built. This strange disease, which so sadly afflicted the barbarians of the 19th century, affected the eyes in such a manner, that nothing was regarded as beautiful, unless it had a yellow hue; and, strange as it may seem to you, no man had influence, or was considered even respectable, unless he possessed a large amount of small medals, made of this yellow earth, together with large bundles of sheets of paper, adorned with pictures, and which were called bank notes. These pictures, instead of adorning the walls of their dwellings, were kept securely locked in ponderous iron trunks, called safes.

The second disease to which these poor creatures were subjected, and which affected the nervous system in a most singular manner, was one known as Political Ambition. After a man had, by the exercise of what was then known as MEANNESS, but which has long since become extinct in the human breast, after he had accumulated a large bundle of these pictures, to which I have alluded, the back part of his brain became inflamed, and then the strangest vagaries took possession of his mind, and he would place himself in a position where all the people could see him, and beg of them to lay him in a bed made of small bits of paper, called *ballots*, and attempt to carry him thereon into a place more or less elevated, called *office*, where he was generally treated as a lunatic, and became the gilded slave of the very men who placed him there; the disease sometimes lasted a whole life, but was at times cured by *saline draughts*, or a bath or two in a river whose waters were salt. The people would occasionally place the patient in a wherry or boat, and then row up the stream, where the bath was taken, and convalescence generally followed. Let us return:—I stated that I was weary, my Zolivia, but I know that I shall soon pass through the transition, my lovely one, and in my new form will often visit thee, and avail myself of my privilege to sometimes bear thee with me to the halls and temples in the spirit-realms of Jupiter and Saturn. It is thirty years, Zolivia, since my birth on earth, and I am growing old. I have recently taken a retrospective glance down the dim vista of the past, and have been comparing our present condition, with that of the people of the dark age of the 19th century, as I have told thee. They had a species of animal called the horse, in those early times, which have long since become extinct. They also had machines called locomotives, which, considering their ignorance of mechanics, were very ingeniously constructed; they were impelled by vapor, and roared and rumbled over the surface of the earth, at the rate of fifty miles an hour; rather slow speed for these days of aerial navigation. Then it took more than a week to cross the sea, from the European to the American continent; a journey which we now make in 40 hours. They also transmitted thought through metallic wires, in those days, Zolivia, which they called telegraphs. It is amusing and instructive to think of the imperfection of everything in those days; our rapid means of personal transit, and of thought-transmission in this present year, 2556, and the snail-like paces of 1856. At that early date, men slew animals, called oxen, sheep and swine, for food. Statues and pictures of those singular looking beasts, may be occasionally seen in our antique museums. There is but little room for wonder or surprise, that the human soul failed to develop its powers under the influence of such horrible food; for we, in this age, Zolivia, realize the truth, and know that the soul and body fed on the aromas distilled and extracted from the blood and gore of slaughtered brutes, cannot reap the fruits which the intellect and soul of man was intended to, from the glowing knowledge of love and wisdom beyond the azure skies!

We know, Zolivia, that the soul can grow, expand, purify, and become melodious, only when sustained by the fine, Electric, Magnetic, Odyllic and Edeanic aromas, which evolve from the finer departments of the floral, faunal and frutal kingdoms of Nature, in the lower and the upper realms! In those days of human infancy, my gazelle-eyed Zolivia, men failed to realize that the stupidities, ferocities, hatreds, and in fact every quality of every brute, was and is, incarnated, condensed and crystallized in the flesh and essences of the physical structure thereof. We, in this age, know that man is not sustained by flesh, or substance, but by the essences, or the sublimated aromas thereof, which are by the stomach extracted therefrom, and which then assimilate with, and form part of, first the blood, and then, by virtue of still more important changes, pass to the nerves, and still refining and ascending become the pabulum of the human spirit itself.

History informs us, my precious one, that the ancient people of the 19th century were savages, barbarians, selfish sycophants, and fawning knaves; because, my love-light, the essences of the flesh they ate contained and imparted the qualities of the beasts that furnished it. In these days—2556—we reject such things, and as a consequence need not the aid of metallic wires to transmit thought, but do it by the exercise of clarified mind!

In the 19th century—the night-time of the human mind—mankind required a materio-tangible and sensational proof and demonstration of the fact of immortality. What an astonishing statement! and yet it is true! It makes us smile, when we look back and realize their astonishing obtuseness. It is amusing, Zolivia, when we picture to ourselves spirits, angels, seraphs, edeonics and arsarsaraphs, being actually compelled to make noises on tables, or to clarify portions of the brains of certain persons then called mediums, in order to prove man an immortal being. This state of things has long since ceased, my best-beloved, and men know better than to saturate their forms with poisons. Men no longer inhale the smoke of a burning vegetable called tobacco, or of a gum called opium, as they did in the dark ages of the 19th century. They no longer drink chemical liquids and fiery compounds, known as tea, coffee, wine and alcohol; nor do we subsist upon roots which grow in the ground, for those were evidently intended not for man, but for the beasts, which lived in those days, and which were provided with horn-like protuberances wherewith to dig them from the soil. We now inhale pure air, and are not poisoned with the rarified and partially burned oxygen of stove-furnished rooms; nor do we waste our physical powers and excellencies for the sake of a passing moment of pleasure, which is false, fleeting, evanescent and hollow, and consequently do not sap the foundations of life, from which flow the finer emotions and feelings of the spirit. But our education commences in the bodies and souls of our parents, years before we are born; consequently we have none of the strange looking men which people of the dark times of the 19th century, called physicians, or doctors, who were endowed with a knowledge of the science of poisons; for it is a fact, Zolivia, that whenever a man or woman became poisoned, these personages straightway administered poison still more deadly than the original; yet, in spite of all this, the people lived to the astonishing age of 60, 70, and sometimes 80, or more, years. This resulted, however, from the fact, that men took more care of their bodies than their minds; for, if, like us, they knew how to expand the soul and fit it for the skies, they would sooner have left the earth, and mounted aloft, to a happier home.

Thus ends the part of the letter we thus far have been able to decipher. We have engaged the services of an eminent cryptographist, who will furnish further translations, at another time.

BENREDDEN ELI."

At a subsequent sitting, the following was given by the same spirit, which we were required to append to the lecture:

To STEPHEN ALBRO:—The center-stance of Buffalo, or sun receptive and sun impartive of food to hungry and starving souls of immortal men, being the instrument, or mouth-piece, through which we are about



to fulminate over the Sahara of the human mind, the quickening gospel of immortal life, which, when drunk in, shall cause every heart to thrill with a new life, and every soul to be bathed in tears of ecstasy over a new-found joy.

We will present you with more manuscripts, found in bottles, floating on the heaving seas, and rolling billows of future human experience, rushing down the valleys between the sides of the mountains of time, upon the swelling bosom of the awful ocean of human thought, whose currents flow from the foot of the throne, whereon Allah sits supreme.

### Lecture by the Spirit of Mahomet.

HYLAS, MEDIUM.

Vast and mighty is the human soul! What is that mysterious thing? Where shall mortals look for the dwelling place of that occult principle, whose powers are not limited by time nor space? But who shall tell us where it dwelleth? It sendeth forth its energies beyond the outer limits of space, and reacheth even unto the illimitable vortex of the august soul of the living God. The human soul hath ever lived. Time never was when it had not a conscious being—conscious only in its inmost essence, ere it fell as a raindrop, from the pulsating soul of its Father, God. HE, SHE, IT, OR DEITY, ever was and ever will be; and the deep depths of God's soul conceived the thought of creating, like unto Itself, that which would infinitely represent, and correspond to, the still more infinite over-soul. When IT, SHE, HE, OR GOD, ORDER, LIFE, INTELLIGENCE, LAW, WILL, MELODY, MATTER and HARMONY, conceived this tho't, the fiat went forth, and the circumvolving spheres were convulsed with the tide which rolled upon and laved the shores of the boundless realm of infinitude, and, forthwith, the material realm was ushered into being. I tell thee that matter is but a form of mind. There are higher and lower degrees of mentality, which when commingled, constitute that domain known as *substans*. This material realm being subject to that superior to itself, gave birth to worlds. The refining processes, acting through illimitable centuries, produced organic material form. Stomachs, fitted to receive, directly, the same substances, which, without it, would have ultimated themselves into gross matter, digested and refined the receptive cells, and man became a living soul.

Now, this is the origin. We will now endeavor to discern a portion of the nature, first of God, second of Matter, and, third, of Man. In other words, man is the crystalization of the waves of thought, which proceed from God; hence, never can reach Deity, for the reason that the sphere which emanates from God, is less refined and perfect than God himself, as is self-evident.

Man, throughout the countless eternities of progressive unfolding, can never reach the *intro-edeonic* plane, or can never enter, mentally, within the vestibule which leads into the temple where dwelleth AL-LAH—GOD—POWER—in *esse*; for the simple reason, that being composed of the outflowings of Deity, and that, too, in their lowest form, it follows—and here is a new philosophical truth—that men's proclivities, tendencies, and aspirations, will be forever; not to God, but to the out-flowing attributes, powers and essence, which proceed from God, in rays.

[*Edeonic* is a word signifying the inmost essence of spirit. In man's progressive unfoldings, there are varied and various degrees of excellence, refinement, enjoyment, power and capacity—Human, Spiritual, Angelic, Celestial, Seraphic, Edeonic—each a discrete remove above the other. The Edeonic plane of being is that point of progression which man reaches on his upward journey, when all his powers, capacities, qualities, essences, and attributes coalesce, and mind becomes a unitary kingdom, instead of a confederacy of faculties, governed by a master principle, or king-faculty, and is that point where man ceases to be moved by material essences, forces and powers, loses his attractions for matter and the out-growths of matter, and becomes all mind, and commences the movement on the other plane of the universe, and describes an angle with his previous progressions, and begins to develop the deific

qualities which have thereunto lain dormant within the inmost recesses of the secret soul.]

Now, these rays are so infinitely prolific, of such supercelestial perfection, happinesses, wisdoms and melodies, that man will always feel the affinized relations, subsisting between him and them. As a child, when grown up, remembers only certain features of the mind of its parents, and feels attractions thereto and affinities therefor, constantly ascending the plane of being, the receptive vesicles of the human soul will be enlarged and expanded; and therefore, the soul will forever drink in new powers in exact proportion to its expansion and expansive capacity.

God dwells in the midst of the profoundest depths of the intellectual and spiritual universe. He emits, hourly, countless myriads of distinct rays. These rays are attributes and powers, laws and principles; and every human soul that is born, has a peculiar affinity to one of these rays. Now, this fact discloses a grand arcanum. The ray strikes the soul at a point and diverges triangularly and widens the field of observation, as procession goes on, and progression does its work. Therefore, no human, immortal being will ever come in conflict with any other immortal soul; nor will one human being dwell in the same psychical, inmost self-heaven of another; but each will be a complete law unto him, or her, self, positive or negative. From the positive ray, man derives wisdom—from the negative, woman love. The spheres blend, and I will elucidate it, thus—[Here the fore and middle fingers of the medium's hands were spread open in the form of a V, and their ends put together, forming this figure <>.] The spheres blend, for the divergences of the female and male souls perfectly correspond; and the celestial marriage takes place. Now, all men correspond to some principal ray from God—some attribute and perfection of Deity. A man dies on your earth—he enters the spirit world; meets his other self, and they two become one; being the completeness of the second sphere. Now, mark you, that *one* also corresponds to a positive or negative principle, and it progresses to another sphere, where the duality positive meets its duality negative, and so on, *ad infinitum*, until God, or Deity positive, produces a God infinite, negative, the unitized democracy of humanly-developed Gods, shall be complete, and correspond to, and receive direct rays of living light from, the God positive of all Gods.

The nature of mind is the nature of God. I wish you to understand that I refer to a union of the mental, psychical and edeonic attributes of the unitary solidarity of humanity, and not to a blending of forms, or coalescence of individualities. Soul will ever expand, through, first, the universe of Life, which will occupy its entire attention, till it shall pass the seventh realm, the lowest plane of which it now occupies—that is, referring to the universe of Life; then it will describe an angle in its career and enter the universe of order; at which point of its progress, it will faintly discern its ultimate destiny, which will be but begun when it reaches that point; and it may take millions of years for the human race to reach it. Here it shall cease to be man—so august and sublime will be its power—and begin to realize its God-like and true deific nature. Through this universe of order, it will complete the rounding off of its sublime nature. At the end of its journey it will pause a while, and arouse to the exercise of creative energies.

This completes the introductory lecture. This is but an introduction. The rest will follow in due time.

### No. 3 of the Series, from Shenandoah.

*Elemental World, around Venns—continued.*  
MISS CORA, [ENTRANCED.]

STEPHEN ALBRO, Esq., Planet Earth:

Venerable Sir: Again, my friend, on the wings of sublime thought, do I bear you away from the scenes of outward life, and bathe your soul in the limpid wavelets of the rainbow-hued sky. Science, mind, God and eternity, were left battling with the eternal principles composing each and every one, striving to analyze, in itself, the principles of



the other. Mind is the essence of all life. Life is mind, and death is an anomaly. If mind is life, then life is God; and as God is omnipotent, there is no death. Then wherever life, or the principles of life exists, there does God dwell.

From the granite life, whose silent, yet eternal, changes vibrate in harmony to the chemical mathematics of geological convolutions, to the vast, eternal universes that roll amid the grand spheres of Heaven, in every department of vitalized life, each principle is its own Deity, and each law its own omnipotent controller! The grains of sand on the sea shore, have their God, in the silent changes which ergotalize and refine them. The little flower, springing up along the wayside, has its God, which is in the vitalizing elements, it receives from its chemical affinities, from soil, from air, and from the pearly rain-drops which fall upon its withering petals, and glisten there, like the stars. The majestic oak has its God in the mighty elements condensed in the acorn shell, and receiving the proper nurture from the bosom of earth, springs up in response to the God within itself. The merry wild-wood songster, warbling its silvery notes of melody in the shady dell, has its God in the little universe of song, in which it lives, and sends forth its responses to its own musical God, in gushing strains of softest love. The mighty lion has its own God in the life around him, and sees his own magnitude in the mighty powers of strength and ferocity. Worlds have their Gods in the infinitesimal changes which attract particle to particle, in their vast composition. Universes have their Gods in the mighty and stupendous evolutions which they perform around their own omnipotent selves. And mind has its God in the grand and lofty flights of intellect, or in the thrilling comprehension of all Godlike life beneath, around and above it. Human mind has its God identified in the human soul, and comprehends within itself the vast and eternal majority of all life or mind combined. Venus has its God; and that is heard in the thrilling and entrancing melody which comes from this poet-island in the vast ocean of space.

Far back through the unnumbered ages of a past eternity, I can trace the small atomic particles, aggregating and seggregating, until within its own sphere, Venus produced the elements of poesy, moving itself in rhyme to Heavens verse, and forming for its poesy such thrilling tones of melodic harmony, that even universes joined in the song, and echoed back to Venus its own grand strains of music, until, from unnumbered systems, far and near, all angels' thoughts and Gods, stooped low to hear! I trace the migratory passages of thought, from the great changes continually reproducing newer and mightier ones. And far, far beyond the plane of Venus, I trace the souls of mightier Poets, who have lived, and lived, until the very life they have experienced seems like the solar melody of many great harps, whose strings are but the orbits of universes, and whose grandest melody is but the first faint whispering of a God. Thoughts fall, or are eliminated from Venus to the earth and other stars, even as the sun's rays shine brightly through this primitive universe; and many young Gods of song, or poesy, or earth, are but the breath of some bright angel poet from this lovely star.

It is difficult for minds on earth to conceive that, through the long and endless labyrinths of space, all filled with thought, mind knows itself as identified with God; and God himself is but the mind of creation, just as the human form is the outer creation of the God within. It is hard for minds enclosed within the human form, to look back through a past immensity, and see there the wondrous elements of identified life. But O! the majesty of thoughts and deeds which spring from the hearts of men, are not in vain. Humanity converts itself into a pampered child of outward voluptuousness, and sips the honeyed poison of approbative truths. Men buy and sell the virtues inherent in the laws of God; make of kindness and affection a speculative tyranny, by which, in gaining the promises of our other mind, thousands may be trampled under foot. But coming to soul and mind, thought forgets the sad defects in outward life, and only see the magnitude of different worlds of thought scattered through space.

Creation is the phrenological development of the soul within; and universes are but the physiognomy of the great God, who lives in them. The stars are all the different organs, or powers, in God's brain; and suns are but his bright and soul-lit eyes, beaming with love upon his children. Each organ, or development, in man's physical brain, (the physical being the representative of the spiritual) corresponds to the poet-star organism of God. And each respective thought having its own adaptation to some specific development in the human brain, is an embryo star, which will take its place, anon, in the universe of solar universes! O! what a mighty thought is this, that every human soul is an embryo universe, and every passion, emotion, thought, aspiration and progressive development of the human mind, is but an infant star, and all shall revolve around the embryo sun, the spark of life, the drop of immortal Deity and life, within each heart. How beautiful to watch these infant universes, and view them as they convolve and revolve in the yet limited sphere of humanity. But much more beautiful and grand is the thought that the God-sun in the center of every minature universe like this, should eliminate forth from its warm well-springs, the electrifying influences of attractive harmony, that every planet in the mentality of each human mind, may perform its own evolutions in its own particular sphere. Alas! how many bright star-organs, in the spiritual and mental universes of individual life, there are whose chaotic and undeveloped state permits not of harmonious spheres, or orbits, but are continually coming in collision with some other star, and like the outward battling of the elemental world; or, like the frightful career of the fiery comet, produce the thunders and storms of woe and despair, in the infantile bosom of the human soul.

O! mortals, study, then, yourselves, for these are the "Alpha and Omega" of an eternal science, an eternal knowledge, and an eternal life. If minds are (as I have endeavored to show) the germs of prospective universes, then every system and universe which now rolls through the Grand Infinitude of eternal space, must have been once a human soul; and universes, creations and vast creations of Universes, are Gods phrenology and physiology.

From whose mighty mind did the solar system emanate? and in whose God-like breast did the germ of Venus dwell? Whose immortal soul is the sun, around which this solar system moves? Ah! who can tell? No answer comes, we'll ask ourselves.

Truly, as ever,

SHEANDOAR.

#### Lecture by the Spirit of Harriet Newell.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM—REPUBLICED.

#### JESUS WEPT.

Did the loving Jesus weep when he fasted in the wilderness? Did he weep when nailed to the cross and thorns invested his head? Did he weep because he was crucified between two thieves? Ah, no, Jesus wept because a deluded world scorned the truths of their Maker; because they martyred the teachers and followers of truth, morality and beauty. The tears came not from that pure fount of knowledge because the outward self was wounded and tortured, but because men defiled the living truths of Him who rules the world by His beneficence and mercy. Though Jesus was born in the lowly manger, though he was the meek and lowly Nazarene, he has left in the history of the world a name that no succeeding reformer has left. His examples of loveliness and mercy were such that the hardest hearts would be touched with pity if they could go back to eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, and see him teaching the uncultivated mind with such patience and deep humility, of the eternal destiny of the Spirit, and of the ultimate developments of the interior essence and properties, when born into the world of immortality.

He called his men where freedom's standard shielded them from the mythological teachings of creeds and sects. He taught them to love their fellow man and assist him in his struggle for liberty. And at that age, angels descended from heaven to breathe into the minds of those who



thirsted for knowledge and wisdom, the truths and elements of true religion. Jesus wept. Did he weep at the tomb of Lazarus, because friends clustered round his cold sepulchre, wherein his inanimate form was laid? No, Jesus wept because those human hearts mourned over the departed, as dead. He wept because other tears left their traces upon the cheeks of the poor and bereaved—upon the proud and haughty—upon the wicked and upon the wise and noble. He wept for their condition, and from out his pure soul came the words and power of consolation, as he pointed the human mind to the existence of the soul through the unceasing ages of eternity. Jesus wept; and not alone did those swelling tears awaken the inner feelings of the wayward soul, but they appealed with a sublime force to the religious sentiments of the human mind, and called forth thoughts that had slumbered for years in the silent chambers of human hearts; and those unfading faculties that beautify the soul, began to unfold and strengthen, and shoot forth beneath the light of truth and liberty.

Though but few loved and admired the character of the pure and lovely Jesus, it was incomparably more important to him to convince one soul of the truths of religion and a Heavenly Father, than to depart to another world, leaving behind him all the worldly fame which the weak heart may crave while in a material existence. Jesus taught not, to the erring, the angonies of an eternity, if they did not seek the way of purity and holiness; but he did teach the human mind that there was a more fearful hell; and that was the darkness, the ignorance and undeveloped condition of the spiritual being, when born into the realms of immortality, if they sought not now to open those eternal qualities of mind to the influence of higher and holier teachings, which were spontaneously flowing from the great invisible Source. Jesus pointed the human mind to the elements, principles and glories of nature, teaching that every thing was a part of God, and that, in learning the principles of life, and the constant development of creations of mind and matter, they were obeying and appreciating the true word of Deity. He taught them, midst the contempt and scorn of the uncultivated and wicked, the ultimate destiny of all souls, and the necessity for the faculties of the mind to be purely and highly developed, in order to occupy a position of brightness, harmony and wisdom in the eternal world.

Every mind is wandering homeward, where the minstrel raptures swell in strains of sweetness and beauty, to welcome the child of earth to its home in Heaven. It is a struggle for the human soul to part with the endearments of its earthly home; for there is not a spot so dear on the wide earth, to the human heart, as home, or the scenes of childhood. There are no attractions so sweet—no fonder or tenderer remembrances than the endearments of home. But in Heaven, there the soul will find a home, where the evergreen twines as beautifully—where the flowers bloom as sweetly—where the retreats of nature are as lovely, as the home of infant years.

Let your Spirit contemplate the truth before you, and when the form of a loved one is counted with the dead, weep not for them, but, like the loving Jesus, let your tears flow for the deluded condition of frail human nature. Take example from his teachings, and do unto others as you would they should do unto you. If the ignorant scorn and abuse you, turn your thoughts heavenward, and, like the lowly Nazarene, say: Father forgive them, for they know not what they do. Then you will gloriously rise, where no tear shall start from the eye, no sigh shall come from the heart; but the bursting of the earthly bond shall call the Spirit upward to breathe the fragrant breath of purer truths, and where farewell is never spoken. The brow that mirrors forth the strength, the fountain whence flows the tear, may turn to dust; but another form shall be given you, which will prove the perfection and beauty of the immortal soul. Go on; fear not crucifixion at the hands of the ignorant; though they kill the body, the soul they cannot harm. Then seek for truth and liberty; for whether truth is found in a dungeon or a palace, in the beauties of nature, or in the Bible, it is the word of God.

Very affectionately,

HARRIETT NEWELL.

### Lecture by Professor Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

At the conclusion of the lecture by S. R. SMITH, received at the Harmonial Circle, published in our last number, and after the circle had sung the hymn which commences:

"The seraphs bright are hovering,"

the alphabet was called, and the following lecture was given, by Prof. DAYTON:

Yes, "The seraphs bright are hovering" near, filling the earth with ten thousand vibratory motions, which thrill creation with the magnificence and power of God.

And who and what is God? An individualized soul, condensed in a form, whose likeness is man, existing in the highest heavens, for human hearts to curse or adore, as impulse may direct? Does he possess a human and spiritual nature, of which man is the image? And does error, in ghastly form, seek his side, and put to his lips the cup of bitterness, that he, too, may taste of its contents? Alas! alas! for some hearts, who would forever blot out immortality from the soul, leaving it to a dreary and unkind world, where it may occasionally find a spot on which to rest its weary wings. Or is God the primal source of all existence, by specific laws, which even the angels do not understand, evolving living souls from inanimate matter, by impregnating and diffusing through the outward nature, the elements and principles inherent in his own mighty constitution?

He is the undefinable and incomprehensible source, from which emanated life and motion, pre-existent in his own world of mind and matter. The natural sun, by organized law and physiological principles, throws from its brilliant body, atoms of matter, which, by specific principles, collect in an attractive sphere, in the outer universe; there, being drawn infinitely together, existing as an embryo sun, which, by undefinable processes, becomes a living and moving world, speaking forth in every evolution and progression, the unutterable power of God.

God, in his own existence, by anatomical laws, emits from his brilliant nature, sparks of life, which, by natural laws, instituted in the natural universe, are attracted to a specific position, in the mental and physiological world; while that spark, imperceptible to the human vision, elaborates a human form, whose interior essences are born, a living and breathing entity, which will exist till time shall be no more. Still with all these facts, analytically traced, from invisible causes, men would destroy that spark, or atom, congeal the flowing springs of a life eternal, and say: "I am the highest and noblest ultimatum of all subordinates in the external world. If, perchance, I desire, I can crush the life from the insect, and no higher power can censure. I can trample upon innocence and beauty, and no eyes watch me from eternity's home. I can do as I will, and nothing beyond can work at the inner heart, for consciousness dies when the form decays." But, poor, misguided heart! thy every throb creates an emotion; and that emotion, by specific laws, rolls on the ocean of mind, to another world, eliciting from myriad souls, the sympathy and affection of an immortal, animate existence.

Then, friends, with all that man may plan, the world moves on, while, at every outward decomposition, a re-composition takes place, by organic and anatomical laws, and exists in a future universe. Then, if nature can not be marred, the mind must stand a living, spiritual entity in spheres of development yet to come. It must ride o'er the sea of humanity, and safely arrive at the portals of eternal day; when throngs of angels will greet it in its higher home, where, with a lightness and beauty, it will join the angels; and instead of seeking daguerreotypes inspirations of Deity, in type and paper, they will plunge fearlessly into the ocean of infinitude, and bring forth brilliant diamonds, which out-sparkle on the expansive universe of mind, in eternity.

I bid you on, and will stand faithfully by your side, saying—if you discourage—"Thou art immortal," and these words will brighten your hearts, and I can return to my immortal duties, satisfied that some human good, even I, have accomplished.

E. C. DAYTON.



## Lecture, by the Spirit of Miss A. F., late of Buffalo.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

Since the world began to breathe forth, as if it were animated by some individualized power of itself, mind, through the accumulation of particles of intelligence, has manifested elements which seemed to be in antagonistic opposition to one another, and mind, acting in dual form, converted these principles into misdirections, thereby basing the evidence of two distinct individualized qualifications—good and evil—upon the outward effects of interior causes. Mind, in centuries past, being not so beautifully unfolded as at the present age, refused to admit that the little star which gleams in beauty, from behind the darkened cloud, is a creation, out-wrought upon nature, as a life-giving manifestation of the goodness of that source, from which eternity became evolved. At last, mind, by intuitive perception and natural understanding, traced, from effects to causes; and the heavens, which bend in arched magnificence, over earth, is thronged with worlds, peopled by those intelligences which are the ultimates of all subordinate creations.

As the elements of nature changed, and the thunder rolled through the etherial dome, in fearful majesty, mind stood affrighted, as if Deity, by direct instigation, had caused nature to convulse, to punish his own children for some imperfect demonstration of an outward existence.—All forms of being, have their portraiture outwardly; and if the soul has an imperfect channel, through which its influxes must flow, those thoughts must be discolored and tinged with the hues of imperfection; yet blending in purity, with the innate qualities of the soul.

The spirit is an essence, permeating through every minute department of life; still moving on in silent activity, towards the central attraction of eternity. A dew drop fell from a golden cloud, upon a flower—it trembled there for a moment, then became absorbed by the sun-beams, and the gazer on thought that that drop was nought in creation: but what has formed the extended ocean, and what the little rill that goes prattling down the mountain-side, as if hastening on to mingle its faint utterances with the deep bass voice, heard, as wave follows wave, upon the mighty ocean? The answer comes from nature; by commingling and association of little drops of water, the myriad streams which display their power, in the external universe, were formed; and are these streams affianced to God, by the laws diffused throughout all specific constitutions; or are they placed upon the earth for the definite use of man, without any attraction to God? If so, why do they roll on, sometimes as quiet as an infant's slumber; then, by the convolving winds, become agitated, as if maddened by some impelling force, designed to wreck all things within their reach? Again, a voice responds from interior nature: 'Tis the pre-existent principle of motion, or the essence of divine being, impregnated into the drops, which form the body of water, which urges it on to a higher and nobler expansion; then every tone elicited from the rolling wave, breathes of Deity.

A flower became evolved from the earth, radiant with beauties, which mind could not analyze; and mind recognised it as a necessary unfoldment of creation; but never listened in thought, to the great truths written upon every leaf and petal; and did not ask if the flower had an affinity to God; but in selfish emotions, only cared if it had a home eternal. The flower bloomed on, reproducing by organic processes, its kind; and this same definite, yet all-pervading power of motion, was inherent in that flower. Still, human nature passed it by, as an insignificant development of life; whereas, in its sweetest fragrance, it unfolded a specific attribute, of the Infinite Oneness.

A star shone brilliantly, when twilight deepened into night; and as, one by one, those myriad orbs came forth to illumine the human vision, it entranced the soul with a sublimity of feeling, which the mind, in its highest activities and aspirations, failed to analyze. They called out the deep thoughts of the mind; when science, combined with religion, unconsciously to the up-rising soul, began to read the great volume of nature, on whose gilded pages, are inscribed the actualities and realities

of a life immortal. As, from chaos, earth came forth, filled, in every interstice of its being, motion was there associating, innately, with matter: and what is motion? The laws of God, by which immensity and its every unfoldment, is actuated—the thoughts of God, by which mind became an unfolded representation of the great Originator—the action and development of matter, and the mighty impetus of progression.

Who hath not gazed upon some loved object of the heart's holiest affections, around whose tendrils were twined the soft and untiring emotions of love, animated and sustained by a motional beauty, which sent the life blood from one extremity of being to another, by change, finally fading like some summer flower, wooed to rest by autumnal changes, so that the heart became pulseless and unconscious of outward life, by motion or spirit, escaping its narrow casement, and being reproduced and reanimated in the world above. So is it with the flowers which fade. They outwardly decompose; but again, recompose, in the next higher scale of being, until they become ultimated into the constitution of mind; and the soul, being the perfection of external nature, must necessarily leave the earth, to follow on, by progressive laws, through higher and nobler spheres of intellectual and spiritual being. Misdirection and uncertainties have flooded the world with unreal thoughts; and all the highest superstructures of mind, have fallen, like some vast pyramid, upon the desert wilds, when destroyed by the simoon's desolating sweep, across their surface.

There is a void in the soul, which humanity cannot fill—a something in the human heart, asking for that love which, for years, has seemed buried in the tomb. The marble slab may mark the faded bloom of the external form; but immortality marks the repose of the soul. The fragrant sod may, in nature's truest beauty, consecrate the spot, with the affection of hearts still throbbing in human form; but nature, beyond the grave, has arrayed the soul with eternity's purest love, and with heaven's highest wisdom.

It is true that, when the secret springs of the soul are unlocked, by the hand of change, nature must weep, when the image form of some friend exists, only in the unmatured memory. It must rejoice when spontaneous inner nature flows, in joyful sweetness, through the heart, expressing the loveliness of an angel within. But as the stone was rolled from the tomb of Lazarus, so has darkness been dispelled from every grave, by God; and the heart no longer gazes on the grave; but heaven draws the vision hence, while, in the brilliancy of a pure and radiant light, the soul probes deeply into surrounding nature, acquiring from every thought, the volume; reading in every word a universe of wisdom; in every emotion of goodness, learning something still more beautiful, of an eternal Parent.

Once more have I, borne down upon the pinions of love, descended to earth, nestling, like the little birdling, to the hearts of those for whom I yet cherish an affection, and, in the knowledge and wisdom of my immortal mind, give to those hearts the flowers which I have culled from among the edens of a celestial existence. When mortality shall have recognised its true relation to immortality, then will life move on joyous pinions, to infuse the breath of angels, and inhale the fragrance of heaven, whose aromal incense falls upon living mind, whether confined in finite life, or unconfined in eternity. Then throb on, oh, human heart! let thy own sweetness whisper of Him who hath given thee an angel-soul to cultivate and refine. Let nature's harmonies mingle with thy electric melodies, as if all creation were chanting the lyric of the eternal universe; and in golden effulgence decking thy chords with wreaths, formed of those pearly lights, which are ever beaming from beneath futurity's unseen bosom; throb on through life's changing scenes; and the orchestra of angels will sing thy welcome to Heaven, and unfold thy affections, as God unfolds the leaves of the flower, in the natural world.

With Affection,

A. F.

—Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles—they strew the path of life with flowers, they make the sunshine brighter and the green earth greener; and He who bade us "love one another," looks with favor upon the kind-hearted, and He pronounced the meet blessed.



# AGE OF PROGRESS.

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THE AGE OF PROGRESS IS

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## Our Harmonial Conference.

On Sabbath last, as previously announced, we had Brothers FORSTER and RANDOLPH, to lecture to us. And whilst we do not intend to attribute superior intellectual or moral excellence to them, personally and innately, it is our deliberate opinion that they are so constituted, idiosyncratically, that they are of the first rank of speaking media, in the country and in the world, and that there are, probably, no other two who can exceed them, in this department of Spiritualistic instrumentality.

In the morning, Brother RANDOLPH was intranced, and made to announce to the audience, that there was to be a cause tried before them, as jurors. The case on the calendar, was "CONSERVATISM vs PROGRESS," and that counsel had been assigned, to conduct the cause, for each party. The counsel for Conservatism, proved to be the Spirit of BLACKSTONE; that for Progress, the Spirit of WEBSTER. BLACKSTONE made a very able plea, considering the insuperable difficulties which the case presented, in favor of Conservatism, and against Progress. In the course of his argument, he supported the creeds of all the orthodox Christian sects, the spirit of intolerance by which they are actuated, and the zeal which they manifest, in opposition to Spiritualism. And his speech embraced all, in brief, that has ever been urged against the Harmonial Philosophy. At the close of his argument, he demanded a verdict, at the hands of the Jury, insisting that it was absolutely necessary that they should pay no regard to their own sentiments and convictions, on the subject, and decide in favor of the conservatism of past ages, which was to be venerated for its antiquity, if not for its philosophy and truth.

BLACKSTONE having concluded his argument and appeal to the Jury; the medium's physical system gave evidence of the change of controlling Spirits; and WEBSTER commenced his reply, with the usual conge and salutation to the Court and Jury—the media on the rostrum constituting the Court, and the audience, the Jury. He took up all the points made by his apponent, *seriatim*, and effectually demolished them, as fast as he came to them, in the masterly manner which was his great characteristic, when in the flesh.]

It would be useless for us to attempt following the Spirit through his unanswerable argument in favor of Progress and the Harmonial Philosophy. Suffice it to say that it was palpably Websterian in all its principal characteristics. Near the conclusion of the defence, he apostrophized, alternately, *Progress*, which he seemed to see, on one side of him, and *Conservatism*, whose senile and haggard visage seemed to present itself to his vision, on the other side. This was eloquent and interesting, beyond description.

In the afternoon, and as soon as the medium reached the rostrum, the Spirit of MAHOMET took control of him, and commenced a lecture, which we should commit a folly to attempt describing. His subject was: The constitution, hidden energies, continual unfolding and eternal progress of the human soul. To describe, with our genius and language, would be but to mar, the sublime beauties, and humanize the seraphic gradeur, of his immeasurable thought. No less mind than that of MAHOMET himself, could do justice to that awfully sublime effort. Whilst we listened with rapturous emotion to what our greedy ears drank in, we could but feel concern for the physical and intellectual safety of the medium; for both systems seemed to be stretched beyond mortal powers of tension, and as ready to burst as the sails of a ship, when

distended with the breath of a tornado. His exordium, in which he invited the audience to leave all earthly thoughts behind them, and accompany him in his flight to the upper heavens, whither he was going, was beautiful and grand. But the invitation could not be fully complied with, not for want of will, but for want of capacity.

For the evenings entertainment, we were promised a lecture, by the Spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH. The subject was to be a text of scripture which had been handed to the medium. It was the following:

"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." [First Kings, XVIII.—21.]

The evening came, and so did a large audience, the medium, and the ever-ready and highly exalted Spirit. By previous arrangement between the Spirits, Mr. BALLOU gave a brief, but beautiful and eloquent address, through his medium—Miss CORA SCOTT. It proved to be introductory to the lecture of Mr. SMITH.

At the conclusion of Mr. BALLOU, Mr. FORSTER, who was already entranced, was brought to his feet; the Spirit gave out his text, and a lecture was commenced which held the audience, as it were, spell-bound, for an hour and a half. None but a few of those restless youngsters, who go out from home only to show their clothes and manifest their want of good breeding, stirred from their seats, during the whole time occupied by the lecturer. It was one of those powerful efforts of mind, for which that Spirit is held in so high estimation, by those who have listened to him, when in the flesh and when out. To those who have heard him speak through the organism of Mr. FORSTER, we need only say that it equalled any of his previous efforts, both in logic and eloquence. Nor could any one who frequently listened to him when in the physical form, doubt his identity for a moment.

When this most masterly lecture was concluded, the evening's entertainment was "topped up" by a very neat little address, from the Spirit of WILLIAM NORTH, through Dr. VAN VLECK, of Syracuse, N. Y.

—Mr. P. B. RANDOLPH will revisit this city, in a few weeks; when, it is confidently expected, he will again address the friends of progress, in public and private meetings. All letters of invitation for him, may be addressed to this office, where they will be kept until his arrival.

## An Impromptu Response.

Sitting at our desk, in company with Mr. RANDOLPH and Mr. FORSTER, we observed that we should be pleased to have, from some spirit, a distinction drawn between mere biological writing, by media, and true spiritual communication. Almost instantly, Mr. RANDOLPH was entranced, and the subscribing spirit gave the following response, so slowly that we were enabled to report it verbatim:

## BIOLOGY, vs. SPIRIT POWER.

The human mind is so constructed, that it is susceptible of varied influences from every department, from every element, from every principle, from every nook and corner of the boundless and illimitable universe.

The great majority of men move upon a plane, where elemental forces of material nature, infringe upon their being, and give direction to both thought and action. Consequently, such minds can take cognizance only of outer nature, and the phenomena attending them.

A small minority of the race have ascended to a higher plane, where idea is first distinctly perceived. And, consequently, such are moved upon by the waves of mentality, flowing from the earth-educated mind. It is the transition point between the materialistic mind and the purely spiritual.

A small minority of this last named class, become fascinated and influenced by thoughts which are partly spiritual and partly mental. And, being dazzled by their brilliancy and power, yield thereto, as to a guiding star; and the power being new, they worship at its shrine.

These minds are constantly perceiving dim rays of spiritual truth. But, instead of leaping up towards the light, they plunge down to the



reservoir of earth-evolved thought, and soon become lost in the mazy labyrinths thereof.

Another minority of minds, having passed beyond this entire plane, perceive spiritual light, in its purity, and become the subjects, or mouth-pieces, of supra-mundane and trans-earthly mind; and that which comes to earth, through these instrumentalities, is invariably harmonious and consistent with itself and the great principles of nature.

BOLINGBROKE.

### An Improvised Poem by the Spirit of Wm. North.

W. F. VAN VLECK, MEDIUM.

The following poem was spoken in Townsend Hall on Sunday evening last by the Spirit of the gifted, but eccentric WM. NORTH. The Spirit said: "My lines are not in accordance with established poetic usages; Rhyme is one thing, Poetry another. Ideas only are valuable, while the clothing with which they are invested matters little, so long as instruction is imparted."

HYLAS.

Can man perform what God wills not?  
Is a question for thy deep thought,  
If God's Supreme, all's consonant to His will  
Whether thy time thou idlest, or thy coffers fill.  
Plainly, God's will is Law, then let's the law explain,  
The why and wherefore of all happiness and pains.  
His attribute of Love, is first of all;  
The centripetal force of great and small.  
Love binds together kindred hearts  
And joy to every soul imparts,  
Of all pleasure it is the source  
Determined, e'er by wisdom's choice.  
Of all things, Love's the central power  
And it is of all strength the tower  
From which wisdom goes forth t' explore  
Ne'er satisfied, but ever asking more.  
Wisdom's the centrifugal force of all that is  
Which from the center sallies forth for greater bliss,  
And feeling pain, by contrast will enjoy  
An hour of pleasure, when found without alloy.  
What tho' in the world, convulsions are rife  
'Tis wisdom, working for a better life,  
And thus the will of God's expressed,  
Who hath decreed there shall be no rest  
When you for perfect love aspire,  
Think, "Gold is purified by fire!"  
And in all things, you some good may see,  
Or else a God Supreme there cannot be.

### Mr. Forster's Lectures in Cleveland.

Mr. THOMAS GALES FORSTER, a gentleman of rare natural gifts, and who, in the process of spiritual development, has reached a point far beyond the ordinary common places of speakers, when on his way to Buffalo, where he sojourns for the present, was induced to remain here Sabbath before last, and, under spirit influence, give us two lectures. We had just been entertained by angel ministrations, and any common communication would hardly have satisfied the fastidious tastes of the friends of progression in this city. But the bold utterances of the spirits from the other spheres through his organism, were admirably calculated to arouse and fix the attention of an intelligent audience, and, though circumstances were any thing but favorable, a deep, salutary, and gratifying impression was made upon the minds of all who heard him.

We know not how much the spirits expect to accomplish by the aid of public speaking mediums; for the cause of truth is spreading all over the land by the aid of other instrumentalities; but we are quite confident that such speakers as Mr. FORSTER, and indeed all inspired promulgators of eternal truth who are *en rapport* with the celestial spheres, must, by their bold and energetic enunciations, greatly aid in

the accomplishment of the work of spiritual emancipation. We speak thus favorably of Mr. FORSTER, because we know him to be a gentleman of extraordinary powers, and because we believe him to be sincerely devoted to the high and holy interests of our heaven-derived philosophy. A wide field of usefulness is open before him, and the best wishes of a host of friends in this city will attend him, wherever he may go "preaching the kingdom of God." It is expected that he will, for the future, make Buffalo his abiding place and continuing city; but it is hoped that the friends in that place will not monopolize his entire time and the whole of his invaluable services. Let him "go out into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." He is wanted here, occasionally, and he is wanted everywhere. These divine things of the heavenly kingdom are not of a character to be localized. This great light must not be put under a bushel. Let it be put in a candle-stick, that all may see it and be glad.—*Spiritual Universe*.

### Lecture by Mary, received at Lewiston, N. Y.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

Roll on, thou proud Niagara, as the angels glide on thy waters, to bring fresh flowers from on high. Flow on in peaceful majesty, while human hearts admire thy superior beauty, which teaches them of a living principle of intelligence, in thy every motion glide on o'er rocks, and let thy wondrous voice be heard by the little insect who dwells on thy banks; and let mind, the flower of humanity, hear thy echoings, which ascend with the archangels to heaven. And may thy power deeply implant within each mind, the infiniteness and immutableness of the Supreme Architect, who hath framed thy banks and constituted thee a living entity, in humanity; for, throughout the expanded universe, there is impenetrated a wisdom and skill, which divinely portrays upon mind the great source from which infinitude, in all its tendencies and elemental changes, infinitely originated, and which forever, onward and upward, unfold throughout the spiral spheres of eternity, the entities of organic and animate existence. With harmony singing from the clouds, from nature, and from mind, doth the mighty universe beyond, send down its thrilling notes, to cheer the lonely harps of earth, which have long been unstrung, and which have not sent forth their wonted melody, since time touched their strings with the fingers of care and disappointment. With wisdom arching in brightest form, over the outer world, let nature respond to the aspirations of mind, while the evangel of eternity sit upon its white waves, singing the enraptured words to cheer the mortal friendly heart.

I live again! How vast the thought, and how incomprehensible are the relations and proximities of mind, to immortality, and how many human hearts—though they acknowledge the guardianship of angels, and the love of God—fail to know why they believe in angelic ministry and why God loves humanity. Perhaps, in some lonely dungeon, the captive lives, an exile from the pleasures of earth, and must lead a dreary life, because the soul has acted imperfectly, through an imperfect form, and no ray of sympathy penetrates those walls—no tear of affection falls upon that lonely heart. Then, indeed, if this be so, what a God! If he can instantaneously, and without violating natural laws, restore that heart to joy, how inconsistent the thought that He can control the material acts of men, rendering them infinitely happy, or wretchedly miserable. Were this so, then man is no longer an independent self-hood—he is not capable of controlling himself, but must depend upon a great Creator, capable of breathing misery or bestowing joy upon the heart. Such are the qualities assigned Deity. But the only true God is that one who knows not the attributes of evil, but who manifests his distributive justice and unending goodness, through all animate life.

The mother has been taught, that, when her babe, sleeping upon her bosom, whose countenance is incarnationed with hues of life and health, drooped, this change was brought in her life, by God, for some special punishment, while her heart was bleeding at every pore. And what a



God! to snatch from a mother's heart that which He himself hath bound to her heart, by ties which even eternity can never divide! He who hath instituted laws of affection, to sever heart-strings and leave them to the sympathies of a selfish world! Indeed, might we say, humanity came rightly by its selfishness, if such be the character of the Great Omnipresent! How false the thought! and 'tis but an ideal God, whom man hath clothed with capacities of goodness and evil. He is the living goodness in nature, in mind and in eternity. Every mind has its ideal originator, existing in the same refinement, characterizing the soul; and if that soul desires to annihilate a part of human nature, and save another portion, its God will desire the same. This is a fact, because mind fails to reason from philosophic and scientific analogy, in understanding and comprehending the ideal of a primal source, from which all things had their existence. Mind fails to accept nature alone, related to itself, as a definite fact in life, and refuses to acknowledge the known truth, that there is only one God, and no antagonistic power to that God. He is the Great and Mighty Ruler of the Universe; the unfolding power of all things, and the perfection of goodness.

How oft doth the heart, in its peaceful hours, feel a drawing towards that life, beyond which develops the soul, through succeeding ages, to higher and still higher truths. Why should humanity fear God, in whatever form He may wish to demonstrate His mercy, whether it be in the lightning or rain, or even in the single rap? If intelligence is there, God is there also; and why fear Him who showers, upon all, His beneficence and affection, in acts visible to mind, and tangible to the external senses? Then go on, you who love the angels, in truth and charity. Let thy every act demonstrate, in practical goodness, the purity of thy religion, and not crush a flower because it seems less beautiful than another; or if misfortune, perchance, should blight it in the bud, why wish to snatch it entirely from the mother stem; for a single drop to its thirsting nature may refresh it and cause it to bloom in its native beauty.

Prove to the world there is a God—not one of good and evil combined, but one who interfuses, into being, His life-vivifying goodness, through nature, and that He does not, and has not accomplished His work for humanity in ages past, but continues, at the present day, to unfold souls, gigantic in intellect, and powerful in mind. That He hath not condemned a part, and saved another portion, but all are equally happy in uniformity and accordance with the laws of development.—Then on forever; breathe forth the elements of truth, though ten thousand scorns and frowns should meet your gaze, and though ten thousand arrows of wrong should be aimed at your heart; for they will only rebound and strike deep in the hearts of those who sent them.

Fear not to acknowledge God, in all forms of life; and heaven's dews will fall upon you, cheering you in every hour of bereavement; and the impetus of truth will force you on, in the paths of honor and rectitude; while angel friends, from the empire of knowledge supreme, will bring from heaven, facts and actual realities, destined to redeem a deluded world. Then, again, on and up! in the attractive worlds of progression, stamped indelibly upon every soul animated by life and intelligence. On over the acclivities of life, boldly and firmly; and stand a true representative of Deity on earth, that, in eternity, you may be prepared to study into its immortal truths, and wing your way on, with intellectual and spiritual beauty through its developments.

IN haste,

MARY.

#### For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBRO:—DEAR SIR—

Believing that your readers are interested in every phase of the spiritual phenomena, and read with pleasure all authentic accounts of the manifestation of spirit presence and power, I give the following impartial account of the spirit phenomena, which occurred at the house of Capt. PRATT—Miss SARAH BROOKS being the medium:

A short time after my entrance I examined the room, and perceived

two pianos (very large ones) faced against the wall; the keys consequently being out of reach of the "mortals" present. The room was darkened; the medium having taken her place at one piano, the other being formed in a circle.

Not long did we wait, before sounds were made on both pianos, some of which were construed, by the initiated, into a call for the alphabet; and, by that means, the "invisibles" requested singing by the company. A few familiar tunes were sung, accompanied by the piano. After a few minutes were thus passed, sounds were made in imitation of the ocean surge. Then minute guns of a vessel in distress—in the interval of which might be heard something like the confused murmur of many voices; then the sound of a ship's pump was heard, faster and faster the strokes, as if the brakes were handled with the energy of men whose lives depended upon their exertions. Sounds succeeded like to the furling of sails—the shrill whistling of the wind through the rigging, the beating of the waves against the vessel's side, and the seas sweeping the decks—then the hasty manning of the life-boat, and sinking of the vessel; the water rushing together to fill the vacuum.

After this, a mournful dirge was played and sung. Then we had the representation of a house on fire—to represent which, the spirit of a New York fireman called Mose, took possession of Mr. P. B. RANDOLPH, and loud above the roaring of the wind and flames was heard his voice, directing and making suggestions, and apparently rushing into the burning building, to save a "poor little innocent." Then came the crash of the falling timbers; and Mose's loud rejoicing at his success in saving a human life. After which we had, none the less thrilling, but less violent manifestations—the execution of music of surpassing excellence.

The melodious voice of an Indian maiden, called MONOXOTTO, was heard in conversation with FRED, who presides at the piano, and with any of us present, who addressed her.

To tell the truth, my descriptive talent is not sufficiently good to do justice to that occasion. My opinion is that any who should attend a circle at Mr. Brooks's, and believe that the manifestations were produced by those in the room, have more credulity than those who believe that it is, in reality, what it purports to be, viz: the production of spirits.

In conclusion, I would remark, that, if the mediums named are not strictly honest, external appearances are *very* deceptive.

Yours for the Truth,

W. F. VAN VLECK.

#### The Spectral Dog—An Illusion.

The age of ghosts and hobgoblins is gone by, says worthy Dr. HIBBERT; and so, after him, says almost every body, now-a-days. These mysterious visitants are henceforth to be resolved into mere optical delusion, acting on an excitable fancy and an irritable nervous temperament; and the report of a real bona-fide ghost, or apparition, is utterly scouted. Possibly this may not be going too far, even though it be in the teeth of some of the most stubborn facts that are on record. One, or possibly two, of this character, I may perhaps present to the reader on a future occasion; but at present I shall content myself with relating a very curious and interesting case of acknowledged optical delusion; and I have no doubt that many of my medical readers can parallel it with similar occurrences within the sphere of their own observation.

Mr. D— was a clergyman of the Church of England, educated at Oxford,—a scholar, "a ripe and good one,"—a man of remarkably acute and powerful understanding; but, according to his own account, destitute of even an atom of imagination. He was also an exemplary minister; preached twice, willingly, every Sunday; and performed all the other duties of his office with zealous fidelity, and to the full satisfaction of his parishioners. If any man is less likely to be terrified with ghosts, or has less reason to be so, than another, surely it was such a character as Mr. D—.



He had been officiating on Sunday evening for an invalid friend, at the latter's church, a few miles' distance from London, and was walking homewards, enjoying the tranquility of the night, and enlivened by the cheerful beams of the full moon. When at about three miles' distance from town, he suddenly heard, or fancied he heard, immediately behind him, the sound of gasping and panting, as of a dog following at his heels, breathless with running. He looked round on both sides; but, seeing no dog, thought he must have been deceived, and resumed his walk and meditations. The sound was presently repeated. Again he looked round, but with no better success than before. After a little pause, thinking there was something rather odd about it, it suddenly struck him, that what he had heard was nothing more than the noise of his own hard breathing, occasioned by the insensibly accelerated pace at which he was walking, intent upon some subject which then particularly occupied his thoughts. He had not walked more than ten paces farther, when he heard precisely similar sounds; but with a running accompaniment (if I may be allowed a pun) of the pit-pit-pattering of a dog's feet, following close behind his left side.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. D— aloud, stopping for the third time, and looking round in all directions, far and near; "why, really, that's very odd—very! Surely, I could not have been mistaken again?" He continued standing still, wiped his forehead, replaced his hat on his head, and, with a little trepidation, resumed his walk, striking his stout black walking stick on the ground with a certain energy and resoluteness which sufficed in reassuring his own flurried spirits. The next thirty or forty paces of his walk Mr. D— passed over "*erectis auribus*," and hearing nothing similar to the sounds which had thrice attracted his attention, was relapsing into his meditative mood, when, in a few moments, the noise was repeated, apparently from his right-hand side; and he gave something like a start from the path-side into the road on feeling the calf of his leg brushed past, as he described it, by the shaggy coat of his invisible attendant. He looked suddenly down, and, to his very great alarm and astonishment, beheld the dim outline of a large Newfoundland dog—of a blue color! He moved from the spot where he was standing—the phantom followed him; he rubbed his eyes with his hands, shook his head, and again looked; but there it still was, large as a young calf, (to which he himself compared it,) and had assumed a more distinct and definite form. The color, however, continued the same—faint blue. He observed, too, its eyes—like dim decaying fire-coals, as it looked up composedly in his face. He poked about with his walking-stick, and moved it repeatedly through and through the form of the phantom; but there it continued—indivisible impalpable—in short, as much a dog as ever, and yet the stick traversing its form in every direction, from the tail to the tip of the nose! Mr. D— hurried on a few steps, and again looked;—there was the dog! Now the reader should be informed that Mr. D—was a remarkably temperate man, and had that evening contented himself with a solitary glass of port by the side of his sick brother; so that there was no room for supposing his perceptions to have been disturbed with liquor.

"What can it be?" thought he, while his heart knocked rather harder than usual against the bars of its prison; "oh, it must be an optical delusion—oh, 'tis clearly so! nothing in the world worse! that's all.—How odd!"—and he smiled, he thought, very unconcernedly; but another glimpse of the phantom standing by him in blue indistinctness instantly darkened his features with the hue of apprehension. If it really was an optical delusion, it was the most fixed and pertinacious one he ever heard of! The better part of valor is discretion, says Shakspeare; and in all things; so, observing a stage passing by at that moment, to put an end to the matter, Mr. D—, with a little trepidation in his tone, ordered it to stop: there was just room for one inside; and in stepped Mr. D—, chuckling at the cunning fashion after which he had succeeded in jockeying his strange attendant. Not feeling inclined to talk with the fat woman who sat next him, squeezing him most unmercifully against the side of the coach, nor with the elderly grazier-looking man fronting him, whose large, dirty, top-boots seriously in-

commoded him, he shut his eyes, that he might pursue his thoughts undisturbed. After about five minutes' riding, he suddenly opened his eyes, and the first thing that met them was the figure of the blue dog, lying stretched in some unaccountable manner at his feet, half under the seat!

"I—I—hope the dog does not annoy you, sir?" inquired Mr. D—, a little flustered, of the man, opposite, hoping to discern whether the dog chose to be visible to any one else.

"Sir!" exclaimed the person he addressed, starting from a kind of doze, and staring about in the bottom of the coach.

"Lord, sir!" echoed the woman beside him.

"A dog, sir, did you say?" inquired several, in a breath.

"Oh—nothing—nothing, I assure you. 'Tis a little mistake," replied Mr. D—, with a faint smile; "I—I thought—in short, I find I've been dreaming; and I'm sure I beg pardon for disturbing you." Every one in the coach laughed except Mr. D—, whose eyes continued riveted on the dim blue outline of the dog lying motionless at his feet. He was now certain that he was suffering from an optical illusion of some sort or other, and endeavored to prevent his thoughts from running into an alarmed channel, by striving to engage his faculties with the philosophy of the thing. He could make nothing out, however; and the Q. E. D. of his thinkings startled him not a little, when it came in the shape of the large blue dog, leaping at his heels out of the coach when he alighted. Arrived at home, he lost sight of the phantom during the time of supper and the family devotions. As soon as he had extinguished his bedroom candle and got into bed, he was nearly leaping out again on feeling a sensation as if a large dog had jumped on that part of the bed where his feet lay. He felt its pressure! He said he was inclined to rise, and make it a subject of special prayer to the Deity. Mrs. D— asked him what was the matter with him? for he became very cold, and shivered a little. He easily quieted her with saying he felt a little chilled; and as soon as she was fairly asleep, he got quietly out of bed, and walked up and down the room. Wherever he moved he beheld, by the moonlight through the window, the dim dusky outline of the dog, following wherever he went! Mr. D— opened the window, he did not exactly know why, and mounted the dressing-table for that purpose. On looking down, before leaping on the floor, there was the dog waiting for him, squatting composedly on his haunches! There was no standing this any longer, thought Mr. D—, delusion or no delusion; so he ran to the bed, plunged beneath the clothes, and, thoroughly frightened, dropped at length asleep, his head under cover all night! On waking in the morning, he thought it must have been all a dream about the dog, for it had totally disappeared with the daylight. When an hour's glancing in all directions had convinced him that the phantom was really no longer visible, he told the whole to Mrs. D—, and made very merry with her fears—for she would have it, it was "something supernatural," and, good lady, "Mr. D— might depend upon it, the thing had its errand!" Four times subsequently to this did Mr. D— see the spectral visitant—in no wise altered either in manner, form, or color. It was always late in the evening when he observed it, and generally when he was alone. He was a man extensively acquainted with physiology; but felt utterly at a loss to what derangement of what part of the animal economy to refer it. So, indeed, was I—for he came to consult me about it. He was with me once during the presence of the phantom. I examined his eyes with a candle, to see whether the interrupted motions of the irides indicated any sudden alteration of the functions of the optic nerve; but the pupils contracted and dilated with perfect regularity. One thing, however, was certain—his stomach had been latterly a little out of order, and every body knows the intimate connection between its functions and the nervous system. But why he should see spectra—why they should assume and retain the figure of a dog, and of such an uncanny color, too—and why it should so pertinaciously attach itself to him, and be seen precisely the same at the various intervals at which it made its appearance—and why he should hear, or imagine he



heard, it utter sounds,—all these are questions I am as unable to answer as Mr. D—— was, or as the reader will be. He may account for it in whatever way his ingenuity may enable him. I have seen and known other cases of spectra, not unlike the one above related; and great alarm and horror have they excited in the breasts of persons blessed with less firmness and good sense than Mr. D—— displayed.—*Diary of a late Physician.*

S. B. Brittan's answer to Mahan.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### RECAPITULATION.—CONCLUSION.

In bringing this Review to a close, it is thought that a brief recapitulation may assist the reader's memory, and thus enable the mind to comprehend in one view the ground we have occupied. In this chapter, however, we shall not refer to the specific points discussed, but merely to the general ideas and prominent phases of the subject.

CHAPTER I—II. After referring, by way of introduction, to the egotism and weakness of the opposition generally, and to the arrogance and sophistry of our author in particular, we proceeded, in the Second Chapter, to consider the implied charge that the modern media for Spiritual intercourse are all impostors. The essential elements of what constitutes imposture, and the general characteristics of the media were briefly designated and defined. From this examination and comparison it did not appear that the latter were characterized by the attributes of the former; but rather that our genuine Spirit-media are as sincere and truthful as any other class of citizens—not even excepting the very devout opposers of the New Reformation. In the first part of Prof. Mahan's book, Mr. Davis and his "Nature's Divine Revelations" are unfairly and rudely assailed; hence, in the corresponding portion of our Review, particular reference was made to the early life and extraordinary powers of Mr. Davis; and also to the intrinsic character and spirit of Revelations. By a dispassionate appeal to actual facts the charge of imposture was refuted, and the obvious injustice of its author fairly exposed. Moreover, it was observed that nothing is done to overthrow Spiritualism by trying to prove that Mr. D. or some other man is not perfect, and that the revelations of Spirit-media contain errors, since Spiritualists do not believe that there are any infallible men of revelations. Will our clerical friends, therefore, please to save themselves any further labors in this direction? We certainly have no idea that the absolute truth can be embodied in human language; much less do we imagine that the best part of it has already been stereotyped and sold for two dollars.

CHAPTER III.—In the Third Chapter we took up, successively, six of the author's propositions, relating to questions of fundamental importance in the present controversy between Spiritualists and their opposers.—These were in substance as follows:—1. It is the purpose of Spiritualists to substitute the modern for the ancient revelations; 2. The Bible is a perfect revelation; 3. The canonical Scriptures all emanated in an especial manner, from the Infinite Spirit; 4. The peculiar mission of the Spirits is to supplant the Bible; 5. The modern revelations are not adapted to the necessities of humanity in any possible sense; 6. We have not the least evidence that the current manifestations sustain any relation whatever to the Spirit-world. On these points the author's assumptions were severally examined, compared with the real facts, and proved to be groundless inventions, without so much as a respectable appearance to recommend them to favor.

CHAPTER IV.—President Mahan's "test principles," comprehended in five separate propositions, were reviewed in our Fourth Chapter. The author of the propositions declares that they are "universally recognized as self-evident;" on the contrary, the present writer undertook to prove that they are all indefinite, ambiguous, and false. It now remains for the candid reader to decide whether the truth or the error of the propositions referred to, is most conspicuous.

CHAPTER V.—A brief historical account of the discoveries in Animal Magnetism and Animal Electricity, from the time of Mesmer, Galvani, and Volta, occupied our attention in the Fifth Chapter. Respecting the nature of the magnetic phenomena it clearly appeared, from the results obtained by Dr. Esdaile and in a greater or less degree by all other experimenters, that sensation may be controlled, increased, diminished, and even wholly suspended by the magnetizer; also that clear sight and the

perception of spiritual beings are among the incidental developments of the magnetic sleep. The observations of Cahagnet and the experiments of Baron Von Reichenbach were noticed in this connection, and the Chapter concluded with a brief analysis and suggestions respecting the nature and import of the essential facts. It was the chief object, in this part of our work to ascertain whether the scientific discoveries in these departments afford any warrant for the assumption that the Spiritual Manifestations proceed from Animal Electricity, Vital Magnetism, or the Odic Force.

CHAPTER VI.—In this part of our Review it was shown that the agents referred to in Chapter Five had never been known to produce any of the more extraordinary results which are now ascribed to the presence and powers of departed Spirits. The essential laws and phenomenal manifestations of those material agents were briefly considered; the facts in Spiritualism were observed to violate those laws, and to immeasurably transcend the capabilities of mere physical forces and the powers of the human mind in its earthly relations. Respecting the Odic Force it was made to appear, as well from the explicit testimony of Baron Von Reichenbach himself as from the intrinsic nature of the phenomena, that we have no positive knowledge of the existence of any such agent; and that all the facts observed by the Baron may ultimately be ascertained to result from various mental and material combinations, and the modified electro-magnetic states and relations of the system. Upon the presumption that Odyle is a distinct agent in Nature, it was proved, rather clearer than ordinary daylight, that the phenomena ascribed to it transcend its utmost capacity, by a degree that admits of no comparison.

CHAPTER VII.—With a view to a still plainer exhibition of the material and infidel tendencies of Prof. Mahan's book we next proceeded—Chapter Seven—to apply his "test principles," and his principal agent, to the mysterious phenomena of the Jewish and Christian Revelations. From this experiment it was made manifest, either that the spiritual claims of that book are a stupendous fiction, or that the author may be one of the "blind guides." Indeed it must be sufficiently obvious to every person of ordinary discernment, that Prof. Mahan virtually destroys the foundations of his own theology, at the same time he strikes with inconsiderate and reckless haste—under the influence of a blind, misguided zeal—at the revelations of all ages and nations, including Christianity, which is thus "crucified afresh and put to an open shame" in the very presence and the home of its professed disciples.

It was not without considerable hesitation and strong feelings of reluctance—from a growing distaste for this kind of labor—that we commenced our strictures on the President's book. But having undertaken the labor of the Review, the writer has not felt at liberty to diminish the force of what he had to say by that morbid love of excessive gentleness which has sometimes made stronger minds feeble in their most labored efforts. It has been our earnest desire to honor the truth and to be just to the author. It was the writer's object, as previously intimated, to show that President Mahan's fundamental principles and positions are unstable and false, and that his chief agent is unreal or impotent. If all this is made manifest, it is enough, and our purpose is accomplished. His particular facts, specific statements, and special pleading in "petty causes," may pass for what they are worth. The author's principal securities having failed, his small notes must of course be taken at a heavy discount, and indeed if taken at all will need to be indorsed this side of the State of Ohio.

In the concluding portion of his book the author reviews Swedenborg and discusses, at considerable length, the claims of the Bible to Divine inspiration and authority. It was never our intention to follow him through the third and fourth parts of his work. So far as their contents are intrinsically opposed to the just claims of a rational and spiritual philosophy, we feel assured that the author's object will not be realized, but that his labors will prove ineffectual. His argument for the Scriptures might have influenced some minds had it not been preceded by the argument against Spiritualism, which is sufficient to neutralize the influence of all he has ever spoken or written to vindicate the truth of inspiration, whether ancient or modern. It is strange that just at this crisis, when the old Materialism was ready to perish, without so much as the hope of a resurrection to mitigate the severity of the last struggle, our Reverend friend should come to rescue the dying. Yet such is the fact. He summons from silent and unknown retreats, a thousand infidels; all skeptics and doubters and many reckless and profane men, who want no



angelic watchers to scrutinize their conduct, come up from their cold, oblivious abodes. He arms them all with new and more formidable weapons, and sends them forth to strangle a new-born faith; to battle against Revelation, and to crush the world's fresh hopes. Will they not contend bravely with such a chief at their head? Not only does he put weapons in the hands of his soldiers and teach them to use the same, but he also strikes the first and fiercest blow.

I see a broken Altar whereon the fires are partially extinguished.—Truth stands at some distance, with veiled and averted face. A long muscular arm is thrust out from beneath the altar; it moves irregularly, and stabs at the fair, immovable form with a strange abnormal energy. And now, the man whose right arm was used to strike the blow comes forth from under the broken altar; he stands erect, and speaks for the Bible, for inspiration, and for miracles. He reverently uncovers his head when he refers to Moses and the Prophets, and bows obsequiously before the effigies of the Apostles. That man defends Revelation! For some reason I am impressed to say; that such a defense, at this time, and from such a champion, will do as much for Revelation as a coat of varnish would have done to mend the walls of Sevastopol when the bombardment was over—it will cause the ruins to shine. The scene changes. The Angel of a new dispensation approaches the broken altar to rekindle the waning fires. The radiant form stands uncovered in the presence of the man whose mission is to defend Revelation. The fair creature is glowing with the beauty of young life, and the freshness of the Spiritual Eden is on her cheek. The man with the long muscular arm looks sternly as he approaches the bright messenger. He strikes down the living form; and while the dust from his sandals stains the polished brow and the sinless bosom, he goes forth to galvanize the dead bodies of his remote ancestors!

#### Conversational.

The following is a brief reply, through a medium, by the spirit of SAMUEL YOUNG, to remarks made by a gentleman, in a conversation on the subject of marriage; republished from our first volume:

##### *The Propriety and Necessity of Obedience to Law.*

Harmony is order and order is secured by law. I have seen social disorder created by disobedience to law; but I have never witnessed harmony promoted by any compromise of principle. The universal laws of nature are just and merciful, and no person need hope to find happiness while such laws are disregarded.

Among earth's inhabitants, inharmonious relations are formed, and, being formed, are constantly aggravating the parties, who, instead of harmonizing themselves, irritate the minds of each other. Persons who teach the beauties of the harmonial philosophy, should not practically deny their instructions by discarding the obligations of their voluntary acts. It matters not how beautiful the philosophy of nature may be, if man or woman be not morally true to the laws which govern them. I have seen harmony in married life on earth; and I have seen antagonism and discord. Are the elements of nature at such variance that peace and order cannot be maintained between parties? Has God so ordered, by immutable laws, the existing social order of husband and wife, that discord cannot be avoided—that war must continue during such relation? What are the elements constituting the one that are not discernible in the other? Are not all flesh and blood, and do not the same elements make each? A second thought will show that the discords of married life originate, not in the elements of soul or body, but in the ignorance of the spirits which are coupled. When parties become alienated from each other by law—when married persons separate because they have no affinity, it proves only their own ignorance of truth, if not their moral delinquency and faithlessness to their covenant engagements.

I have watched the progress of parties seeking divorce from each other; but I have not yet seen a case which did not arise from either ignorance of nature's laws or a gross want of integrity. It is true that such delinquency may not fasten itself to both parties, but it is sure to belong to one or the other.

Inharmonies are generally most severely felt in those minds not improved by spirit culture. And the difficulty, let me say, exists not because nature, in her order, has brought together parties in antagonism, but because those parties have not become harmonious in themselves.—Thus by looking through their ignorance, through their own unrefined spectacles, they see things in an inverted position, and give themselves

the consolation that nature has made them so, when the true philosophy of nature is, that men and women shall always seek to improve their relations when inharmonious conditions offend them.

To run away from discord will not remove it, nor will the principle of right and truth be vindicated by shrinking from duties based upon the integrity of social contracts. Let all parties, matrimonially united, do their duties to each other faithfully, and not disgrace themselves by abandoning integrity under a plea, that nature has hedged their paths to happiness, by making them so much unlike that they can never agree.

S. YOUNG.

#### Religious Dissensions among the Jews.

From an article in the New York Evening Post, we gather some information in regard to certain disputes which agitate the Jewish religious world, which is divided into two parties. The first and most numerous body of the Jews are the orthodox, who regard the Talmud, a collection of the writings and opinions of some sixteen or seventeen hundred Rabbins, compiled between the second and sixth centuries of the Christian era, as "a legal and obligatory commentary of the Bible." The Talmud contains a vast miscellany of commentaries, doctrines and parables, which, in the opinion of most biblical scholars, are of great service in illustrating and explaining the obscure texts of the Old Testament. By the orthodox Jews, it is regarded as a supplement to the Pentateuch, including, as is said, that portion of the laws delivered on Mount Sinai, which Moses did not record, and which, for hundreds of years, was preserved only by oral traditions. It is therefore esteemed as of equal authority with the written laws, although much of it, to the common mind, appears absurd, frivolous and unscriptural. The Reformed Jews are those who, while admitting the value of the Talmud to a certain extent for the purposes of biblical exegesis, deny its divine and binding authority. A convention of the two parties was held at Cincinnati last October, for the purpose of reconciling their religious differences, when the matter was compromised by the adoption of the following principles:

- "1. The Bible, as delivered to us by our fathers, and as now in our possession, is of immediate divine origin, and the standard of our religion.
- "2. The Talmud contains the traditional, legal, and logical exposition of the biblical laws, which must be practiced and expounded according to the comments of the Talmud."

The advantages of this compromise are decidedly in favor of the Orthodox party, for, although they surrender the assertion of the inspiration of the Talmud, the Reform party are compelled to admit that it is a binding and legal commentary upon the Bible. This settlement has apparently healed the divisions in the Jewish church in this country, but one society (in Baltimore) having protested against it.—*Advent Herald*.

#### An Unprofitable Habit.

Some people are in the habit of dwelling upon and greatly magnifying every little injury they receive at the hands of others. They thus render themselves very disagreeable to those into whose ears they are continually pouring their complaints; and at the same time greatly injure themselves in the estimation of such, while they are contributing very much to their own personal misery. How much better would it be were such persons to bury their little troubles, or at least to keep them entirely out of sight! It is to be presumed that they do not sufficiently reflect upon the true nature of their conduct, else they would certainly be more careful to avoid it than they are. Jamieson forcibly exposes the great folly of such conduct by the following illustration:—"A man strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to every body, and after it has been bound up I am taking off the bandage continually and examining the depth of the wound, and make it fester till my limb becomes greatly inflamed and my general health is materially affected: is there a person in the world who would not call me a fool? Now, such a fool is he who, by dwelling upon little injuries, insults, or provocations, causes them to agitate or inflame his mind. How much better it were to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again!" [German Reform Messenger.

#### EARLY TRIALS OF SUCCESSIVE WRITERS.

When Mr. Dickens laid down the reporter's pencil, he was not entirely preserved from failure. He wrote an opera (though few know this) which Hullah set to music, and it failed. A farce for a theater shared the same fate. Mr. Thackeray's early productions are very poor. Douglas



Jerrold, in escaping from his sea life, and subsequent sojourn in a printing office, endured trials which left an impression on his sharp features, and from which, perhaps he draws the quills of caustic touching up his bitter irony. Mr. Fonblanque, before throwing himself from Mr. Chitty's dusky office into the brightest current of the periodical press, must have had a severe schooling to pass through.

### The Watcher on the Tower.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

'What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?  
Is the day breaking? comes the wished-for hour?  
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,  
If the bright morning dawns upon the land.'

'The stars are clear above me, scarcely one  
Has dimm'd its rays, in reverence to the sun;  
But yet I see on the horizon's verge,  
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge.'

'Look forth again, oh, watcher on the tower—  
The people wake, and languish for the hour;  
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine  
For the full daylight that they know must shine.'

'I see not well—the morn is cloudy still;  
There is a radiance on the distant hill.  
Even as I watch, the glory seems to grow!  
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow.'

'And is that all, oh, watcher on the tower?  
Look forth again; it must be near the hour.  
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,  
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?'

'A mist envelops them; I cannot trace  
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.  
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,  
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks.'

'We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;  
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,  
All thou beholdest; many of us die  
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!'

'I see the hill-tops now; and Chanticleer  
Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear:  
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,  
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn.'

'Again—again—oh, watcher on the tower—  
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,  
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be  
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?'

'I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,  
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,  
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—  
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune.'

'What doth he say—oh, watcher on the tower?  
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour  
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime,  
Fill'd with the glories of the Future time?'

'He prophesies;—his heart is full;—his lay  
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day—  
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,  
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm.'

'We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,  
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour  
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,  
And Right shall rule supreme and vanquish Wrong?'

'He sings of Brotherhood, and joy, and peace,  
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;  
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind  
Soar as unfetter'd as its God design'd.'

'Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!  
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?  
We pine to see it:—tell us, yet again,  
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?'

'It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly:—  
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;  
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;  
*The plain is yet in shade, but day is near.'*

### The Gentleman.

The following is from an address delivered by Bishop Doane, at Burlington College, New Jersey:

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal into a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you have first found a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon a tailor or a toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not habits. The Prince Le Boo concluded that the hog in England was the only gentleman, being the only thing that did not labor.

A gentleman is just a *gentle* man; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle; a gentleman is modest; a gentleman is courteous; and a gentleman is generous; a gentleman is courageous; a gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it; a gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it; a gentleman never goes armed only in consciousness of right; a gentleman subjects his appetites; a gentleman refines his tastes; a gentleman subdues his feelings; a gentleman controls his speech.

Sir Philip Sydney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of England's knighthood—as when on the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

### SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

J. B. CONKLIN, Medium, of New York City, is now in Buffalo, and has taken rooms over Stephenson's Jewelry Store, 3d floor, No. 200 Main street, where he will hold circles every day during his stay. Hours, from 10 to 12 A. M., from 3 to 5 P. M., and from 7 1-2 to 9 1-2 in the evening. Admittance fee, 50 cents. 16:tf

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